Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceiue the ieastures of her eye?
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you see Gentlemen? nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter* Emi.

Em. 'Las what's the marter? what's the matter husband?

Iag. *Cassio* has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.

Iag. This is the fruite of whoring; prithee *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Cassio* where he supt to night:
What, doe you shake at that?

Bia. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie vpon thee strumpet.

Bia. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.

Em. As I; now fie vpon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* dresst;
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:
Will you goe on? I pray: This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light, and* Desdemona *in her bed.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you you chaste starres:
It is the cause, yet I le not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers then snow,
And smooth as monumentall alablaster;
Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,

Thou